THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER—NEUTRAL IN POLITICS—DEVOTED TO NEWS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, MORALITY, AGRICULTURE, AND AMUSEMENT.

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Original Communications.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

The Faded Wreath.

"Oh! there's no such a thing as constancy,
This faded wreath—perhaps 'twas worn
In some romantic bower,
To grace the brow of youthful love,
In that bewitching hour:
But now—alas! this gem has fled,
Has cast its fleeting bloom,
And sweet is the task to me
And faded—is the flower!"

"This faded wreath!—it might have graced
Some gallant knight's helmet crest,
Where patriot pride sat proudly placed,
The prize of bleeding steel!—
The proudest hour has disappeared,
And this is the relic it left!—
Quenton's fickle breath has waved,
And blighted the wreath he wore!

"This faded wreath!—O, would it tell
The tales of days gone by,
'Twould say how proud tradition fell,
How human feelings cry:
'Twould whisper to the waiting wind,
And the prattler's ear!—

"The hot air idle raging wind,
That's loaded—and bowed to no one.

Go to the lover's latest sigh!
Go to the warrior's gasp!—
Go to the infant's mother eye!
Go to the tyrant's grasp—
Tell them of all the human pride,
How earth sorts hopes most fair,
And tell them, faded wreaths
Their emblem is in them!

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

The Avenged.

A Tale of the French Revolution.

BY STEPHEN C. M. S.

The weak and disorderly conduct of Louis XV. had paved the way for that bloody revolution, which cost his grand son his life, and France so many of her noblest sons. Peace was the star of licentiousness and riot: and the court, instead of checking, sanctioned it by the vices of the nobles, the corruption of its circles, and the weakness and tyranny of the monarch. The people looked on, and was the home of debauchees. The people beheld the weak conduct of their sovereign, and were determined to profit by the knowledge. Yet he was so closely surrounded by his foreign associates, whom he preferred to his own people, that they would not believe it expected from him to try by might burst upon him, and sacrifice him to their wrongs. But this vengeance was reserved for a later day, and fell on the heads of the victims of Robespierre and his confidantes, they vanished monarchy first France, and filled all Europe with terror, and with admiration.

Louis XVI. ascended the throne upon the death of his grand-father, as if his weak imbecility served only to heighten the *popularity* of the unhappy Louis and his queen. Every overture to check approaching ruin, and smother the storm that was rapidly gathering, but in vain.

In the province of Champagne, however, the infection had not yet arrived, and the inhabitants were basking in the sunshine of peace, unaltered by the conduct of their monarch and his court. The Marechal De Beron had indulged the neighboring country with a *fete*; and the young noble, and his lady, were at the head of the repast and his blushing damsel, was invited to attend this scene of general joy. The happy day had come, and the countenances of each were the smile of pleasure. Every one was hastening to the castle, an ancient building, surrounded by lofty groves, and the verdure of each gave the scene a most delightful appearance. The saloon was gaily trimmed and lighted, showing the handiwork of Adelaide De Beron, the only child of the Marechal, who was the heir of his vast dominions. He loved her as would an idolatrous mother, and she was truly deserving of it. To all the beauty which nature had bestowed upon her, was united that goodness of heart which won the esteem of all the high-minded youths of Champagne.

All were well received; but only one could impress the heart of Adelaide. That was Charles De Mortier, a young nobleman of the first quality, and every way worthy of her tenderest affections. He was the benefactor of the poor, brave, intelligent, and handsome; and had that winning quality about him, which few females could resist. Affable and courteous, how could it be otherwise than that his society should be sought after by the beautiful, gay, high-minded and accomplished? Possessing a mind superior to those of his age, who gravelled on in debauchery, crime, and immorality, how could he be otherwise than to occupy a rank otherwise than noble and enviable in the affections of those around him. A lofty imagination, a brilliant genius, a commanding yet sound judgment, pleasant demeanor, and courteous in every respect, were virtues sufficient to raise him with the society of his acquaintance. He had come among the guests, and was the constant attendant of Adelaide. He was her partner in the dance; and every moment they saw in each other more to cherish and admire.

The music struck up, and its gentle notes sounding through the long saloon, made one almost think himself in the enchanted palace. Here might be seen a gay couple promenading the saloon, and there groups of smiling faces, eagerly appeared from the dance. Some were those not all partook of this scene of mirth. A man who had from all appearance arrived to the age of thirty was pacing the room with hurried steps. Now he would cast a bitter glance at the place where Adelaide was standing, attended by Charles: —then he would turn his head together, with a lightning seemed to flash from under them, at the happy couple. It was the Marquis Auvigne, who was at this time one of the wealthiest Nobles. He had fallen in love with the exquisite beauty of Adelaide, and was determined to claim her as his bride. He was a man of high and daring spirit, reckless of life, proud, and violent in his anger; and his haughty soul could not brook the idea of having a rival, and that rival a *low-born one*. He begged the hand of Adelaide, and was refused; and from that moment he vowed implacable revenge.

He had attended the *fete* for no other purpose than to witness the conduct of Adelaide and Charles to each other, and he was satisfied. They loved each other, and he gave kindle to revenge and jealousy, as he fixed them upon his victim. He heard the bright sallies of Charles, and the merry laugh of Adelaide, and he mutterly cursed his luck in not his throbbing bosom, which seemed as if they would burst by the violence of contending emotions, and tasting one luck of bitter hatred at his rival, he exclaimed, "Yay fate is marked, and will be finished;" and suddenly made his exit from the room.

The guests were astonished, and followed him to learn the cause of his sudden desertion. But he had mounted his horse, and they heard the echoes of its fast as it receded in the distance, and they know that pursuit would be vain. They returned to the saloon, but all gaiety had vanished. Nothing was heard but surmises and doubts on his inexplicable conduct. The party gradually diminished, and the place, which but a short time before, was filled with smiling faces, was deserted. Adelaide retired to her couch, but not to sleep. She knew too well the cause of the conduct of the Marquis, and she dreaded the consequences. But, we will now return to Paris, which had become still more seditious.

It was a lovely morning in July; but two days from the scene last recounted. The King was seeking his utmost exertion to ferret out the leaders of the people, and bring them to condign punishment. It was on this morning, as he was pacing his room hurriedly to and fro, that a page entered, saying:

"Sire! a stranger is waiting, and wishes admittance to your majesty."

"Roderick," said the monarch, "knowest thou this stranger?"

"I do not, my liege, but he appears to have travelled far and fast, and on some important business; he looks wearied and worn down with fatigue."

"It is enough, admit him," said Louis.

In a moment the Marquis Auvigne made his appearance, covered with dust, and advancing, presented a letter to his sovereign, then gracefully rising, he resumed his standing posture. The monarch waved him to a seat, and then enquired his name and business.

Louis had never seen him before, because he as well as many other noblemen had never visited the court: but had spent their time mostly on their own estates, or in foreign countries.

"Sire," answered the Marquis, "My name is Gilbert De Auvigne, and I am the descendant of a race, who perilled their all, for the welfare of their sovereigns, and the good of their country. I have witnessed the storm which is now brewing forth in its might, and I have come to join my all for my sovereign, and if necessary, my life."

"Welcome, welcome," said the monarch "we have but few such friends, and Auvigne will long be remembered by his sovereign. But what is the business that has called you so immediately from your peaceful home ?"

A slight curl might be seen on the lip of the haughty Marquis, as he replied:

"Sire I have discovered one who has long been agitating the minds of the people of Champagne, and who will prove the most deadly foe that your majesty will have to contend with."

"His name?" enquired the monarch.

"Charles De Mortier," was the abrupt answer, while a malignant smile overspread his features.

"Charles De Mortier," echoed the monarch, as he seated himself upon the throne. A cold remembrance of the dead, "Charles De Mortier!—in whom I most trusted, and with whom I would have staked my life. If evil persons conspire against me, then indeed does my head set loosely on my shoulders."

The monarch knew not that he spoke too true the fate which awaited him. For some time he was silent, as if musing. At length he said

"But know you, Marquis, the truth of all you say? Do you not have been misinformed?"

"No, my liege," answered the wily nobleman, "I am pained to make the accusation, especially both, and this knight is one of the first of my kingdom, and my knee for you personally leaves me no alternative. I have evidence to support my charge."

"But the proof, the proof, my lord marquis you forget that."

"Sire! they are, Sire. You may recognize the handwriting of De Mortier, as he was so long a favorite page of your majesty's household.

The monarch eagerly grasped the letters, which our readers may well know were forged, and read them carefully. The marquis watched keenly the expression of the face of the countenance. At first indeed he seemed to doubt, but gradually his brow darkened, he scanned sweeped by the emotions, and at length exclaimed in the fullness of his heart:

"Villain! villain! villain!"

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and as his convalescence was now rapid, he would be able to effect his wish. The day previous the physician made every necessary arrangement for his conveyance to the coast early the next morning. The weather proved fair and axhilarating, but an air of sadness pervaded the farm-house, for all regretted the departure of the amiable and fascinating guest. He was provided with food, and when all parting, he took Lady Edith's hand, his own trembled.

"I leave," he said, "only one thing more to add to what I have already said, and that is to remind you of what I told you when we parted before respecting the intentions of the Earl of Newberry. I beg of you to be faithful to your promise, nor suffer yourself to be dazzled by rank and riches."

CHAPTER VI.

The Death of Hope.

Attempts her Love; Flytrhow, noble lord, Into with me to terrible his her power!

Times of Athens.

In the evening, the Earl of Roswell returned in high health and spirits while the family, for which anxiety and excitement planted on the chosin of his daughter, was mistaken by him for the glow of health, happened to arrive at the country seat of the Earl of Newberry. The moment supper was over, he requested to speak with her alone. He was in the full of his suspect to make him to the familiary remarks, but informed her at once that the Earl of Newberry had requested leave to ed crease her, accompanied by an earnest desire to be early admitted to a personal interview. As he finished speaking, the delighted father offered her the Earl's letter for perusal.

"It will be useless," said she, "to read the letter, as I cannot possibly receive his addresses."

"Not receive his addresses? You know not what you say. He is the last match in the kingdom. Person, manners, fortune, all that can be desired. Yet all these would be nothing, did I not know that you are blessed with a disposition so amiable and free from selfishness, that the happiness of others ever appears dearer to him than his own."

"I rejoice to hear that, for he will not be likely to injure my happiness by urging his suit when he finds I cannot accept his offer."

"Did you ever see him?"

"I never did, not to my knowledge did he ever see me, which makes me suspect that he is not to marry from motives of convenience rather than love."

"You are mistaken, he has seen you—is pas elentally examined of you."

"I am only my that I very much regret it."

"Consent to see him, and you will think and speak differently. If you do not, the Earl swears he is not made of the same stuff as other women's."

"Let his attractions, personal or mental be what they may, I can never be his."

"There must be some cause for your being thus peremptory without ever having seen him. Can you have dared to dispose of your affections without my sanction?"

"My affections are disposed of, but there was no daring in the case, the act was involuntary."

"His name?"

"Norman, and he is—is one—"

"One what?"

"One of the Earl of Newberry's retainers. But father he saved my life—more than my life!"

Lady Edith understood not, if she never did before, the meaning of the phrase "a lightning glance." For a moment, it seemed as if living fire darted from his eyes. When his anger permitted him to speak, his words were few.

"You are no daughter of mine," said he, "and I shall take immediate measures to disinherit you. I will not attempt to order and anxiety into my presence while I remain here, which will be only while I can send a note to the Earl of Newberry, who has, I understand, returned from Scotland, acquainting him with your infatuation respecting one of his menials, whose audacity he will, I trust, know how to punish. You may learn my presence."

She would have appealed to her father's generosity to plead the cruelty of his desertion, but one look at his stern, relentless countenance, withered her courage, and with a full heart she retired to her apartments. The Earl of Roswell returned a brief reply to her father's note, stating that in a few days he would do himself the honor to wait upon him at the farm-house, as his affairs now depended so entirely upon the success of his suit, that he was unwilling to receive an answer except from the lady herself. He regretted that, instead of writing, he could not immediately have answered the Earl's note in person, but he was, he said, so situated, that he could not possibly leave home under a week, and might even exceed it—however impatient he might feel at the delay.

"Not a word does he say," said the Earl, after perusing it—"of his unpaid vassal, but he shall be humbled, if I have to order it to be done myself."

The time was spent most unhappily by both father and daughter. Frequently by written message she lunged, in the most humble manner, to be admitted to his presence, to which the Earl's harsh refusals, and finally ceased to notice.

How slight are the ranges which hardship, even greatest can make upon the mind's powers compared with those occasioned in the same space of time, by the sufferings of a sensitive heart. The day on which the Earl of Newberry arrived at the farm-house, Lady Edith was but the shadow of what she had been formerly. Her father, contrary to his usual habit, made no comments upon her, and not only forborne to intimate to her, but to Dame Lenfare, who would naturally have looked for the best opportunity of the best possible order for the reception of so distinguished a guest, that he expected the Earl to make him a visit. When Lady Edith received the unexpected summons from her father to meet him in the parlor, enfeebled as she was by mental suffering, she came near fainting. Bottles, who was with her, handed her a glass of water, which partially restored her, and fearful of offending her father by delay, in a few moments, with an agitated frame and downcast eyes, she again found herself in his presence. An exclamation from the young Earl, who rose at her entrance, caused her to look up. A vivid blush instantly suffused her pale cheeks, as involuntarily giving him her hand, she pronounced the name of "Norman."

"What does this mean?" said the Earl of Roswell in astonishment.

"That the humble guest, —Norman, who won your daughter's heart, and the Earl of Newberry are the same," replied his guest, "and, although he fears he may have done wrong, he hopes that the manner may be pardoned when the motive is known."

"Certainly," said the Earl of Roswell, delighted at the unexpected turn the affair had taken, "I but my dog did you not win her in your own character?"

"Although I fear the explanation I have to offer will not prove satisfactory to you, Mr. Lenfare, Lady Edith, as I have already informed you, I have never sinned, and because fascinated with her beauty. One day I saw her friend, I should I offer her my hand do you think she would accept it?" "Undoubtedly," was the reply, "what lady would think of refusing one of the richest nobles in the land." Piqued at this answer, I determined to address her in the character of a humble lover, for I wished to be prized for myself, and for my riches or rank."

"But how happened it?" said the Earl of Roswell. "that you came so opportunely to the relief of the distressed inmates of the farm-house?"

"Your daughter," he replied, "mentioned to me a few circumstances that aroused my suspicion, and by suspecting certain persons of evil intention, which proved successful. I not only found that the forest was infested with brigands, but I succeeded in tracing them to their strong-hold, and with connected fear by, heard them plan the robbery of the farm-house and Lady Edith's abduction."

The remainder of the day was spent in a manner agreeable and satisfactory to all, and before the Earl of Newberry's departure the following morning, these London found opportunity to explain for our hasty breaking him, while ill of his wound, with the very best bed-room in the house. "But who could have thought," added she, "that a person so better dressed than your self, would have been a great Earl."

He assured her that there was not the least occasion for her apology, and that he felt much indebted to her for her unremitting kindness and attention to him during his illness, and that in return, he hoped that many years of happiness might attend the heart of the brigands; a promise which he faithfully and successfully performed.

Few days elapsed from this time, the delighted Bertha was invited by Edith, now Countess of Newberry, to accompany her to town, where she had the good fortune to engage the affections of the Earl's steward, a young man in every respect worthy of her regard. Every summer, the Earl and his lady spent a few months at the castle, where Bertha was gratified with a sight of the diamond cross and the ring with the sapphire heart; the love-tokens, which it may be remembered, he sent accompanied by three subscribers for one year.

For $6 we will forward two copies of the Post and one copy of Graham's Magazine, a three dollar monthly periodical, superior, even in its literary merit, to any splendid work published with original mezzotinto ENGRAVINGS on steel, and colored FASHIONS MONTHLY.

For $7 we will forward two copies of the Post and two copies of the Magazine.

For $10 cash, current in this state we will send three copies of the Post and three of the Magazine to any part of the United States, or Canada.

To entitle any subscriber to the benefit of these offers, all arrearages must be paid post, and these terms are allowed to NONE, unless they deal directly with the publisher by mail or otherwise on the cash system.

☞The best way for subscribers at a distance to send their subscription is to enclose it in a letter, get the nearest post master to frank it, and send it to Uncle Sam's mail bag, at our risk. Try it, as we scarcely miss a letter in a year of the many we send, if we do we suffer the loss, and the works are immediately forwarded again.

Wrong Institute.

Among the many literary institutes which have been started in this country, there is one of the living books a proud position. It is composed mostly of young men from the ages of seventeen to twenty-five years, every one of whom is a daily, weekly, and quite a creditable literary attached to its rooms. On the list of lecturers may be found the names of the first speakers of the day, Judge Hopkinson, Dr. Chapin, and Prof. Ware, to be equally noted. The lecture of Monday evening last, was by our friend Holden, of the Courier,—and we wonder how, amid the many duties of his avocation as editor, he finds time to write, much less to think. Mr. Holden, is rapidly assuming a place among the clear writers and finest speakers of the country. He is, from what we learn, a self made man, and is deserving of that praise from others to which he so freely awards every instance to the genius of those, who have won their way to fame by assiduous study over the midnight lamp after the toils of the day were over. As a writer, he holds a bold and nervous pen, and with the plain, clear, stirring common sense of a Franklin, is not unfrequently blende quiet humor, or in scourging abuse a caustici peculiarly his own.

As a man, Mr. Holden possesses a warm heart, and frank and engaging manners, and while his life is marked by high toned, dignified, and manly courtesy toward all, his brethren of the press, as we noticed with pleasure last week, have never manifested any jealousy which is the peculiar mark of a small mind. We wish him success in all his undertakings, however humble.

Prisoner Bard on Poetry.

We learn, with pleasure, that this accomplished scholar is about to deliver a course of lectures on English Poetry, the first of which is to commence on the 11th day of January next. Few men are more competent to this task. A fine scholar, with a classic taste, and a love for the purest taste, and well known for his love of the *belles lettres*, Mr. Reed has long made his friends regret that talents, so fitted for the instruction of others, lied wholly to his own literary acquaintance, or to the still narrower sphere of a university life.—Excepting his paper in the Review, and the edition of Wordsworth which he superintended ed, he has as yet, indulged the public with only a few specimens of his taste, talent and scholarship. It is only those who have enjoyed his lectures as students, or the friends who possess a more intimate acquaintance with him, who can fully appreciate his worth.

A rich treat may be expected in the forthcoming lectures, from intimately associating with the history, as with the spirit of English Poetry. Mr. Reed has chosen a subject admirably calculated to display the powers of his well known predilection for the Wordsworthian school, among the mildness of a heart akin to that of the poet, in all that emotions and at the same time poetics that man,—they lead the learner to look up to the sublime view of the poetry of his great favorite, than many will be willing to accede to) but nevertheless, his course of lectures will not only be highly valuable, but will, we doubt not, meet with general support.

Mr. Morris's Poem.

We had the pleasure on Tuesday evening last, of hearing Robert Morris, Esq., recite a poem, before the Wm. Wirt Institute. The subject was, "The Past and the Future." In this production we entertained a high opinion of the poetic abilities of Mr. Morris, we were scarcely prepared for so excellent and finished a piece. The thought was of the judgment must reveal the rest; but permit me to ask, can woman do nothing to prevent the recurrence of such fearful visitations as these?

Yes! Let her only speak—let her but scream to herself, mildly, but firmly, reproaching the principles and the practice of war, and her voice will be heard. Let her only speak—let her when relishing the words and the waves, it shall bear the terrible elements of war into an eternal calm.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

Continued from page 4.

The habit of being unsatisfied with every thing we meet with, as well as with our situation in life, has become so inveterate that it may almost be accounted a characteristic of our time; and although every contrivance that man's ingenuity could invent, has been formed to fill up, and occupy the mind; still, there is some other object or change constantly sought after. Does business, the constant and riches come? It is a principle—yet that will not do, but the chances of speculation must be tried, so that if possible a fortune may be made in a day. Does pleasure lead him along flowery paths, and permit him to taste of her sweets?—even then, he is discontented, unless he can indulge his desire to the full extent. Does he hold the reigns of government, and is he invested with power?—yet how soon does ambition fire his breast, and lead him on to preferment—and let more power be given him, and if possible let him rule the world; would he be satisfied then?—nay! but like Alexander, he would weep for other worlds to conquer.

That this dissatisfied and restless disposition is the characteristic of the majority of mankind, none will doubt, neither will any deny, that those are some who cultivate and enjoy contentment, which is of inestimable value; for it not only increases the enjoyment in prosperity, but soothes and comforts all around; and creates cheerfulness even amid scenes of a melancholy nature;—those who are thus favored must indeed be happy, whether called to mingle in the crowded mart of business,—the excitements and changes of political life,—the difficulties of a professional career, or in the more peaceful and quiet shades of home, whether that be, in the splendor of a palace; or but as humble Log Cabin,—whether in the midst of wealth and plenty; or possessing only a crust of bread and a cup of cold water,—and where contentment dwells, there will be happiness and peace be also.

W. E. S.

Philadelphia, Dec. 1840.

Saturday Evening Post.

EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY

GEORGE R. GRAHAM & CO.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1840.

☞REMOVAL.—The Office of the Saturday Evening Post has been removed to the South West Corner of Chestnut and Third Street. The situation is in every respect superior to that of the old stand. We shall be happy to see the good-humored countenances of our subscribers at any time.

Fair Offers.

As we intend to keep the front rank, in both particulars literature and pictorial embellishments, we offer the following liberal proposals for 1841. Those who wish to commence with the first year with us, should let us know at once.

For $5 in advance free of Postage, we will forward the Saturday Evening Post three months to our subscribers, or three subscribers for one year.

For $6 we will forward two copies of the Post and one copy of Graham's Magazine, a three dollar monthly periodical, superior, even in its literary merit, to any splendid work published with original mezzotinto ENGRAVINGS on steel, and colored FASHIONS MONTHLY.

For $7 we will forward two copies of the Post and two copies of the Magazine.

For $10 cash, current in this state we will send three copies of the Post and three of the Magazine to any part of the United States, or Canada.

To entitle any subscriber to the benefit of these offers, all arrearages must be paid post, and these terms are allowed to NONE, unless they deal directly with the publisher by mail or otherwise on the cash system.

☞The best way for subscribers at a distance to send their subscription is to enclose it in a letter, get the nearest post master to frank it, and send it to Uncle Sam's mail bag, at our risk. Try it, as we scarcely miss a letter in a year of the many we send, if we do we suffer the loss, and the works are immediately forwarded again.

Wrong Institute.

Among the many literary institutes which have been started in this country, there is one of the living books a proud position. It is composed mostly of young men from the ages of seventeen to twenty-five years, every one of whom is a daily, weekly, and quite a creditable literary attached to its rooms. On the list of lecturers may be found the names of the first speakers of the day, Judge Hopkinson, Dr. Chapin, and Prof. Ware, to be equally noted. The lecture of Monday evening last, was by our friend Holden, of the Courier,—and we wonder how, amid the many duties of his avocation as editor, he finds time to write, much less to think. Mr. Holden, is rapidly assuming a place among the clear writers and finest speakers of the country. He is, from what we learn, a self made man, and is deserving of that praise from others to which he so freely awards every instance to the genius of those, who have won their way to fame by assiduous study over the midnight lamp after the toils of the day were over. As a writer, he holds a bold and nervous pen, and with the plain, clear, stirring common sense of a Franklin, is not unfrequently blende quiet humor, or in scourging abuse a caustici peculiarly his own.

As a man, Mr. Holden possesses a warm heart, and frank and engaging manners, and while his life is marked by high toned, dignified, and manly courtesy toward all, his brethren of the press, as we noticed with pleasure last week, have never manifested any jealousy which is the peculiar mark of a small mind. We wish him success in all his undertakings, however humble.

Prisoner Bard on Poetry.

We learn, with pleasure, that this accomplished scholar is about to deliver a course of lectures on English Poetry, the first of which is to commence on the 11th day of January next. Few men are more competent to this task. A fine scholar, with a classic taste, and a love for the purest taste, and well known for his love of the *belles lettres*, Mr. Reed has long made his friends regret that talents, so fitted for the instruction of others, lied wholly to his own literary acquaintance, or to the still narrower sphere of a university life.—Excepting his paper in the Review, and the edition of Wordsworth which he superintended ed, he has as yet, indulged the public with only a few specimens of his taste, talent and scholarship. It is only those who have enjoyed his lectures as students, or the friends who possess a more intimate acquaintance with him, who can fully appreciate his worth.

A rich treat may be expected in the forthcoming lectures, from intimately associating with the history, as with the spirit of English Poetry. Mr. Reed has chosen a subject admirably calculated to display the powers of his well known predilection for the Wordsworthian school, among the mildness of a heart akin to that of the poet, in all that emotions and at the same time poetics that man,—they lead the learner to look up to the sublime view of the poetry of his great favorite, than many will be willing to accede to) but nevertheless, his course of lectures will not only be highly valuable, but will, we doubt not, meet with general support.

Mr. Morris's Poem.

We had the pleasure on Tuesday evening last, of hearing Robert Morris, Esq., recite a poem, before the Wm. Wirt Institute. The subject was, "The Past and the Future." In this production we entertained a high opinion of the poetic abilities of Mr. Morris, we were scarcely prepared for so excellent and finished a piece. The thought was of the judgment must reveal the rest; but permit me to ask, can woman do nothing to prevent the recurrence of such fearful visitations as these?

Yes! Let her only speak—let her but scream to herself, mildly, but firmly, reproaching the principles and the practice of war, and her voice will be heard. Let her only speak—let her when relishing the words and the waves, it shall bear the terrible elements of war into an eternal calm.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

Continued from page 4.

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W. E. S.

Philadelphia, Dec. 1840.

New Publications.

"GRAHAM'S LADY' AND GENTLEMEN'S MAGAZINE *for January, 1841.*"—This Magazine is already issued and ready for delivery, embracing in a style which has not been equalled in this country before. The opening engraving is an original mezzotint of colored engraved expressly for the work by Mr. Sartain, of Philadelphia, the best engraver of the kind in the United States. In his proof of the production he has proved it. The subject is entitled "The Playmates." A boy and his dog seated upon a bank, with the line of open sky behind them, and the dark back ground of the woods, relieved by an opening through which the setting sun streams. Portal of Fame, by Brown and D. Armstrong, Esqrs. argued against the admission of such declarations, has left little, in the way of embellishment, to be desired in this portion. With these preliminary remarks, we give the substance of the testimony on both sides.

Friday, Dec. 11, 1840.

Joseph Stark was put upon his trial for the murder of John George Reber, alleged to have been perpetrated on the morning of the 14th of June last.

Counsel for the Commonwealth, Grat F. Johnson, Esq. Attorney General, and R. L. Read, Esq.

Counsel for the prisoner, David Paul Brown and Edward Armstrong, Esqrs.

After a brief statement of the case to the jury by R. L. Read, Esq., the following witnesses were called:

Doctor Henry S. Stocker, sworn.—I am one of the physicians who was called to examine the body of John Reber on this side of Jonas; he was found on the 15th of June, between 8 and 9 A. M. and about eleven o'clock that morning I made a post mortem examination; the body was very feeble, the countenance very natural, and looked as if he had been asleep; the eyes were open and feeble, about 124. He complained a great deal, and said he was dying; he said he was shot through the centre of the wound; I sent for Dr. Norris and Dr. Hiester, and in their presence I made the search of the patient; the wound was uncovered; the wound was very inflamed, with gun powder burnt into the flesh of the countenance covered the wound; the gentlemen who were present, I think, were Dr. Norris, who enlarged the wound; Dr. Wallace and myself holding the corpse; we searched the wound and drew out the wound together; we applied warm cloths before the operation; I saw him alive at 12 o'clock in the evening; the shock to the nervous system and the hemorrhage was the cause of his death; he died in a short; his mind was quite clear and continued so until the time of his death; he spoke rational for any length. I 2 inch ragged; the outer length concentrically with the wound; I saw the wound; at half past 12 we returned, and he asked me if I thought he could recover; I said yes; he I turned to give some directions to the nurse, he said "—I am afraid I am going to die;" I said no, I hope not; he asked at him; he said "I am afraid I am going to die;" I told him we would do all we could for him; he shook to the nervous system and the wound in the nervous system necessarily caused by the shot; he soon called stated any I should not say that it was impossible that the man could have survived; the wound was situated in the left iliac region; at the time the wound was received was 2 1-2 inches in length. I 2 inch ragged; the outer length concentrically with the wound; I saw the wound; at half past 12 we returned, and he asked me if I thought he could recover; I said yes; he I turned to give some directions to the nurse, he said "—I am afraid I am going to die;" I said no, I hope not; he asked at him; he said "I am afraid I am going to die;" I told him we would do all we could for him; he shook to the nervous system and the wound in the nerve was

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION, &c.

$3 per annum—$2 if paid in advance; $1.50 in advance for six months.

Postmasters are requested to frank their letters addressed to us. The word "Free" or itself is not a Frank.

Agents will please endorse their letters with their names and residence.

Letters should not be taken from the Post office on the passage to and fro.

Papers discontinued at the expiration of the current half year's subscription, and then only at the option of the publisher if arrearages are made.

Small Bank Notes of solvent Bank received in payment for papers.

Persons in the country authorized to make quick remittances, without which it is difficult to keep accounts correct. They should always give names and time paid for.

Any person forwarding Ten Dollars current, free of post. g. in advance, will be entitled to 12 copies.

Editorial may always state the Post office nearest them, as well as to which the paper is to be addressed.

Travelling Agents.

EP L. E. Lane is our general travelling agent, located by G. B. C. Bird and Seth T. Brooks. Subscribers and local agents upon whom they may call will oblige us by assisting with them.

EP C. W. Janes, of Cincinnati, Ohio, our old agent is still authorized to collect and receive new subscribers in the States of Ohio and Indiana, assisted by H. M. Lewis and H. Miller.

EP E. G. Eastes and I. F. Eaton for Illinois, Missouri, Arkansas, Iowa and Wisconsin.

EP S. B. Shipman and Jesse P. Jennings for Kentucky.

EP W. A. Pinkos, for Pennsylvania and New Jersey.

EP J. Jennings, for Alabama, New York, and upon whom subscriptions of citizens in the Southern States may be left.

—Jesse Hartley, Esq. is our agent for Tennessee.

EP Alabama Subscr. Esq. is our agent for Tennessee.

EP Wm. B. Tutt, Esq. of Vicksburg, Ky. is our agent for the State of Kentucky.

EP L. Tucker for the New England States. Subscriptions may be left with him, and upon by the above gentlemen will please liquidate their accounts at once.

Financial Record.

Internal Treasury Report.

The Annual Report of the Secretary of the Treasury, laid before Congress, states the Receipts and expenditures for 1840 as follows:

RECEIPTS.

The receipts and means for 1840, exclusive of trusts and the Post Office, have been as follows:

Per available balance in the Treasury on 1st January, 1840, as computed to have been $9,246,749 60

During the three first quarters of the present year, the nett receipts from Customs were 10,689,984 78

During the same period from Public Lands 8,830,217 95

Miscellaneous 77,660 98

Estimated receipts fourth quarter from all other sources 3,800,000 00

These make the aggregate ordinary receipts for the year $47,197,763 01

Add the estimated receipts of principal and interest on bonds, and of what was due from former deposite banks 850,000 00

Also the estimate receipts from fourth bond of the United States Bank 2,500,000 00

Add for the issue of Treasury notes, instead of others redeemed 5,440,000 00

Aggregate from these additional sources $8,790,000 00

Which make the total means in 1840, as ascertained and estimated $56,234,312 01

EXPENDITURES.

The expenditures for 1840, exclusive of trusts and the Post Office, have been as follows:

For first three quarters, Civil, Diplomatic, and Miscellan ous, 4,119,546 64

Same, Military 8,750,784 52

Same, Naval 4,830,314 34

Estimates by the Treasury (though higher by other Departments) for all expenses for fourth quarter 5,000,000 00

Aggregate current expenses, whole year $22,691,345 51

Add for funded debt and interest for crime of Director of Colombia, ascertained and estimated 100,000 00

Redemption of Treasury notes, including principal and interest, 3,529,366 61

Estimate of notes that will be redeemed in fourth quarter 425,000 00

Making the aggregate expenditures or payments $26,643,656 12

Leaving an available balance in the Treasury on Dec. 31, 1840, computed at 1,590,655 89

$28,234,312 01

Receipts and Expenditures for 1841.

RECEIPTS.

In hastily running over the Report we gather that the receipts under existing laws are estimated to be probably as follows:

From Customs $19,000,000

From Lands, 3,500,000

Miscellaneous, 80,000

Expected balance in the Treasury, Jan. 1, 1840, 1,560,655

$24,140,655

Due from banks expected to be made available, about 260,000

A power will exist under the act of 31st of March, 1840, to issue Treasury notes till a year from its passage expires, but not to make the whole emission outstanding at any one time exceed five millions of dollars; this will furnish additional means to the amount paid amount which can be loaned at the close of the present year, about 342,618

$24,743,437

EXPENDITURES.

Ordinary purposes, if Congress make no reduction in the appropriations requested by the different Departments, estimated at $19,350,000

This would leave at the close of the year, a balance estimated at 5,473,437

But certain payments must also be made on account of the funded and unfunded debt, which Congress authorize contract to be formed for extending the time of their payment; thus there will be required on account of the funded debt, 142,350

Redemption of Treasury Notes, if all the others be issued, which can be under the present law as then the amount returned in 1841 will probably not exceed 4,500,000

$4,640,350

Estimated balance in the Treasury at the close of the year 1841, after all payments whatsoever, $834,273

This is all the information which, in the hasty glance we could give the Report of the Secretary, we were able to extract for the information of our readers.

New Counterfeits.

West Branch bank, Williamsport, Pa.—50's altered from 5's. The vignette of the 5's is on the left end of the note—a view of the village—of course the bridge is left out.

Roger Williams bank, Providence, R. I.—20's altered from 10's, may be detected by the vignette of Justice leaning on the shield.

Bank of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia.—10's letter F, signed J. H. Mason, Cashier, E. G. Lucas Pres. No such persons were ever officers of this bank.

Bank of Lower Canada, Quebec.—5's letter B, pay to S. Wilson, Nov. 2, 1839. R. King, Cash. Morrison, Prest., vignette Railroad cars, &c. On the left hand, figure of an Indian, and on right, a female holding a Trident.

Merchants bank, Salem, Mass.—5's spurious letter C. Vignette, ship under sail. Totally unlike the genuine.

Mechanics' & Traders' bank, N. Y.—20's altered from 5's. They are easily distinguished by the difference in the arrangement of the vignette, which, in the genuine twenty is to be found over the signature of the Cashier, and in the altered note near the other end of the bill, nearly over the signature of the President.

Citizens exchange, Plattsburgh, N. Y.—5's letter A, pay to J. Mead, Oct. 1, 1839. E. Yates, Cash., H. Cady, Pres. Engraving coarse.

Consolidated Association, N. C.—100's altered from 50's. The genuine 100's are printed on rose colored paper, the 50's on yellow paper.

Bank of Lebanon, N. H.—5's spurious; vignette, two Indians, with camel in the distance.

10's spurious; vignette, two Eagles holding a shield with an anchor thereon, the word Bank in small letters above. Figure 10 in an oval each side of the vignette.

50's spurious; vignette, reaper seated on a rock with a sleeping hook in his hand—wheat field and farm house in the distance.

50's vignette, sailor seated on bales of goods and holding the American flag—ship in the distance. Neither of these bills bear any resemblance to the genuine.

Bank of Orleans, Vernon, N. Y.—5's, 10's, 20's, and 50's spurious. Same as the above, on Bank of Lebanon, N. H.—*Bickwells Reporter.*

Counterfeit Money Recovered.—The Philadelphia Courier of the 22d instant, says that for the last week or two, for some time busily engaged, in ferreting out the persons concerned in the late extensive robberies of the Baltimore & Susquehanna Railroad Company, from one of the persons arrested, succeeded on Thursday last in recovering about $2000 in counterfeit $10 notes of the United States Bank, dated Dec. 1st, 1838, letter D and signed G. W. Fairman, for N. Biddle, President, and H. Benner, Cashier. Mr. J. Copperthwait, to whom the money was found at a house in the Northern Liberties.

Bank of Texas.—A gentleman writing from Galveston, states that a Bank is just going into operation in that city, the charter for which was purchased by Messrs. Allen & Williams last year, the notes of which are to be redeemable in Baltimore Bank bills. $250,000 of the charter has already been subscribed.

Horse Jockeyship.—A female named Mrs. Hannah Heaman was most brutally maltreated in New York by two ruffians on Saturday evening last. Her evening brought a watchman to the spot, who put the fiends to retreating, and the wounded woman to Christopher Alley. He was committed to jail in default of $4.00 bail. The victim of the barbarity is now progressing, and what shall to her future has been turned out of doors by the unfeeling family with whom she resided, from an apprehension that they would be disgraced by affording her a shelter any longer.

Washington.—On Monday was the anniversary of the death of the President of the United States, and there no public ceremonies appropriate as the solemn occasion? Are we degenerating so rapidly that we cannot afford the time to pay the tribute due to the memory of our ancestors, or have we lost all gratitude for the heritage they bequeathed us at the cost of so much blood and toil? Is it because the dead cannot receive the apology for not observing the day alluded to, we are no longer worthy of the liberty we enjoy.

Melancholy Accident.—A distressing event took place at Brooklyn, L. I. on Saturday last, near the residence of Judge Radcliff, immediately under the heights. While the men were engaged in digging away some earth which had fallen from the bank above during the night, a large portion of it, including the bank itself on the west proceeding to the —McNamar and John Brady. After two hours labor the bodies were taken out—Brady has left a wife and four small children.

Novel Burning.—A session of one of the churches at Stockport, England, has been arrested on the charge of murdering two children, for the sole purpose of obtaining the burial fees! A similar case occurred in Switzerland in 1776, where, at a gen. commission, 18 persons were executed, and at which time Voltaire pounced by the grave digger, by which means eight persons were killed and hundreds more taken dangerously ill!

Fire and Loss of Life.—The barn and stabling of Mr. Jean Baptiste Belanger, of Beauport, Lower Canada, was discovered to be on fire early on the instant, when the owner, his brother and a farm servant attempted to save the cattle stowed away in the stables, but the rest of the barn falling in as they were passing through, they were all killed. The fire spread to a house occupied by a man going into the stable with a lighted pipe.

Injury to the Steam Ship.—It was reported at New York on Tuesday that the fine steamship Liverpool of Lonsdale had been destroyed by the cold weather of the preceding week. If the accounts from Liverpool are correct, the ice in the river Mersey has already collected, be true, this year's manufactory of sugar will fall 60,000 hogsheads short of the quantity of last year, and that of three millions of dollars.

Steamboat Explosion.—The steamboat Patrick Henry, on her way from Norfolk to Richmond, on Friday last, with a passengers at Jamestown, burst her cylinder pipe. Fortunately no injury was done to any one on board. The Patrick Henry is a boat of 300 tons, and three millions of dollars.

Heavy Caution.—Messrs. Haywood and Snyder of Louisville on the Ohio, recently made several heavy castings for the Rolling Mill of Biddle, Chambers & Co., two of which, engine shafts, weigh ten thousand five hundred pounds each, or ten tons and a half to gether.

Death Warrant.—The Board on Monday afternoon, consisting of Governor Porter, Judge Rogers, and secretary of the members, Morris, now under sentence of death in Moyamensing prison. The 15th of January next is the day fixed for the execution of the prisoner.

A Comic Duck.—Mr Samuel Jones of Buck brook, Maine, has obtained a verdict of 3000 dollars against Mr. Dudley, of New York, the owner of the Davis Island Canal, for the killing out of a steer into the water, in being landed at West Point last season.

Mail Robber.—A young man of prepossessing appearance named W. Martin, was recently sentenced to ten years imprisonment in Indianapolis for abstracting a letter from the mail bag containing two hundred dollars.

An Active Magistrate.—Justice Maxwell of New York, has committed for trial during the present term of early dawn on Fr day last, and succeeded in "hugging" about forty rogues of all colors and sizes before breakfast.

Ship Ashore.—The U. S. mail boat Caroline arrived at New Orleans on the 30 inst. from Mobile, reports the ship Princess Victoria ashore at Horn Island Pass.

Yankee Heads.—Combe, the Phrenologist, is preparing to visit Canada, and thence to the U. S. on a Phrenological Visit to the United States." It will consist of three volumes, the first of which is printed.

Chapter Abridged.—N. P. Chaffee was arrested in Providence on Saturday on the charge of forgeries and has waived.

North-Eastern Boundary.—The Quebec Mercury of the 26th ult. says that one hundred troops were to leave the Three Rivers the next day for Madawaska.

Erie Canal.—That canal has been opened fifteen days, and in that time there has been received from tolls, and land, and rent, and surplus waters, and interest on surplus revenue, the sum of $16,000,000.

Another Steamboat Disaster.—The steamer Falconbridge from Louisville on the 24th inst. for New Orleans, by which two men were killed and two others severely wounded.

House Caught.—Buckman, the absconding shrewd of Detroit, has been overtaken and captured by one of his own deputies.

Naval.—The United States Frigate Constellation, Captain Storer, sailed from Boston on Wednesday for Brazil.

U. S. Sloop Ohio.—It is not true that the vessel has been ordered home at the request of Commodore Hull, as stated lately in the papers.

Steamer.—William H. Jefford, of the firm of Burns, Hays & Co., of New York, committed Suicide by cutting his throat on Sunday last. He was a native of Vermont, about thirty years of age, of respectable character, and doing a prosperous business. It appears that he had been confined to his room by illness for several days, and that during part of the time he had shown symptoms of delirium. On Sunday morning, about 7 o'clock, he went into the bath and took a razor, which he was about drawing across his throat, when he was discovered by the nurse, who succeeded in wresting the razor from him. Shortly afterwards he made another attempt to cut his throat, in which he succeeded. Physicians were immediately called in, but it was too late to save the life of the patient.

Another.—A suit by the name of Edward Daly, a resident of the town of Greece, in Rochester county, hung himself from a fence in his barn about 11 o'clock, A. M. on Wednesday last. He was an Irishman by England, was about 54 years of age—had been a resident of the United States about thirty years—came to this county from Macedon last Spring—had a wife and three young children, and was in comfortable circumstances, being worth about $6000. He had last planted with a man that morning to sell him the wheat and other altering his mind, sent word that he could not purchase, whereupon the man declared it was to late and with his comforter, suspended himself from a fence. He was discovered shortly after, but too late to be restored.

Mort Mellancholy.—A few weeks since, says the Richmond Star, two intimate friends, at the Concord Academy, in Fairfax, Va. quarrelled, and the one stabbed a beautiful pair of pistols, each taking one. While examining their new purchase, one of them placed a cap upon his, and pointed it at his friend, saying he could kill him at that distance, and snapped the gun. His friend then presented his own playful way, and said he could kill him—the other replying that he could not. He snapped the pistol, it proved to be loaded, and his friend fell mortally wounded, and died in about ten days after. Neither of them thought the pistols were loaded. This is another of those warnings against the careless use of playing with deadly weapons, with which all are familiar.

Destructive Fire.—Mr Jacob Vanderpool, Jr. a mahogany establishment, at the rear of 28 and 30 Cherry street, New York, was discovered to be on fire about 6 o'clock on Sunday morning, and before the progress of the flames could be arrested, four 10,000 dollars' worth of property was destroyed. The destruction is supposed to be the work of an incendiary.

Another.—A few mornings since, the fine dwelling house of Mr. Wood, in Euclid, N. Y., took fire and burnt to the ground in a few hours. So rapid was the progress of the flames, that those who slept in the upper story were scarcely able to save their lives. Some of them thought the panels were loaded. This is another of those warnings against the careless use of playing with deadly weapons, with which all are familiar.

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Another Wreck.—Capt. Brown, of the British ship William, arrived at Norfolk, states that he passed on Wednesday last a Baltimore pilot boat, the latter having the wreck of a schooner in tow, which appeared to have been run into. Two men were clinging to the wreck. The schr was laden with plaster, bricks, &c.

Another Reason.—About the 15th ult. a man named Richard Lee, residing near Lynch's Ferry, Kentucky, killed John B. Bush, a short distance from Artesian the two were talking together on a wager, and the deceased being somewhat intoxicated, a quarrel ensued, and Bush stabbed Johnson to the heart—causing instant death. The assassin has been arrested.

Dismasked.—John Hildebrandt, one of the persons arrested on suspicion of being concerned in the robbery of the Baltimore wagons on Pennsylvania Railroad, was discharged on Saturday last before Judges Buxton and Dorsey on a writ of habeas corpus and discharged, there being no other charge against him.

From the West Indies.—Capt. Rice, of the barque Archibald Gracie, arrived at Norfolk in fifteen days from Barbadoes, states that the import duty on American Flour was to be about 50 cts. per barrel.

Another Warning.

We regret to state a few days since a little child about three years of age, daughter of Mr. Wm. see Newberry, of Amherst, Massachusetts, burned to death in consequence of her clothes taking fire. Its mother had gone out to visit one of her neighbors leaving three little children shut up in the room together, the eldest but two years of age, the next about three, and the youngest an infant, which was left lying upon a bed. She had been absent but a few minutes, when on return was met by the screaming of the children. On entering the room, the second child was found standing by the bed, clothes in a blaze, and the eldest, who had been absent but a few minutes, presenting a spectacle of the most shocking description. In her agony she had caught the infant from the bed, and in her distraction, not knowing what she was doing, had thrown it into the fire, on which lay the eldest; and after that the mother entered the room the bed was on fire, and the child with one of its arms literally roasting on the flames, was creaming with pain. Its head was also severely burned.

Suspension.—The suspension on the Delaware and Raritan Canal has been suspended for the season.

Our Most Receipts.

We are daily in the receipt of letters enclosing money with the request to return a receipt by mail. We do not send receipts in that way. Every dollar received by us for the paper is noted in the books. Subscribers to Boston notes that

Proclamation in the vicinity of a Post Master cannot upon him and have their letters containing money opened in their presence, but they must be opened by the postmaster of the office. Many hundred dollars might in this way be saved to subscribers, and to the trade.

Receipts for the Saturday Evening Post from the 1st to the 15th December.

Dec. 7, remitted from

J. B. Emerson,	$2 00	W. B. Reward,	1 00
Wm. Hall,	2 00	Wm. Hall,	2 00
J. J. Monaghan,	2 00	Isaac H. Wood,	2 00
J. Hall,	2 00	Wm. Hall,	2 00
Wm. Hall,	2 00	Wm. Hall,	2 00
D. L. Dearing,	2 00	Wm. Hall,	2 00
Wm. Hall,	2 00	Wm. Hall,	2 00
D. Davenport,	2 00	J. G. Tyree,	2 00
Wm. Hall,	2 00	Wm. Hall,	2 00
A. Dunlap,	2 00	Wm. Hall,	2 00
A. S. B. B.	2 00	Wm. Hall,	2 00
A. S. B. B.	2 00	Wm. Hall,	2 00
John Rhodes,	2 00	Wm. Hall,	2 00
Wm. Hall,	2 00	Wm. Hall,	2 00
L. Coles,	2 00	J. Callender,	1 00
Wm. Hall,	2 00	Wm. Hall,	2 00
P. Wood,	1 00	Wm. Hall,	2 00
A. B. Sharp,	2 00	Wm. Hall,	2 00
Wm. Hall,	2 00	Wm. Hall,	2 00
W. Stanfield,	2 00	Wm. Hall,	2 00
Wm. Hall,	2 00	Wm. Hall,	2 00
M. W. Wilkinson,	2 00	Wm. Hall,	2 00
Wm. Hall,	2 00	Wm. Hall,	2 00
James Mercantile Esq.	10 00	D. Reeves,	2 00
Wm. Hall,	2 00	Wm. Hall,	2 00
J. Dubois,	2 00	A. C. Emerson,	2 00
Wm. Hall,	2 00	Wm. Hall,	2 00
J. Angelo,	2 00	C. Hare,	2 00
Wm. Hall,	2 00	Wm. Hall,	2 00
Samuel Grant,	2 00	Wm. Hall,	2 00
Wm. Hall,	2 00	Wm. Hall,	2 00
D. L. Gaillard,	2 00	J. M. Parker,	2 00
Wm. Hall,	2 00	Wm. Hall,	2 00
H. H. Finch,	2 00	Wm. Hall,	2 00
A. B. Finch,	2 00	Wm. Hall,	2 00
Wm. Hall,	2 00	S. Baker,	2 00
Wm. Hall,	2 00	Wm. Hall,	2 00
Mary Gibbs,	2 00	Wm. Hall,	2 00
Wm. Hall,	2 00	Wm. Hall,	2 00
W. Hunt,	2 00	Wm. Hall,	2 00
Wm. Hall,	10 00	Wm. Hall,	2 00
Wm. Hall,	2 00	S. Stather,	10 00
Wm. Hall,	2 00	Wm. Hall,	2 00
J. Gedden,	2 00	Wm. Hall,	2 00
Wm. Hall,	2 00	Wm. Hall,	2 00
H. H. Finch,	2 00	Wm. Hall,	2 00
A. B. Finch,	2 00	Wm. Hall,	2 00
Wm. Hall,	2 00	S. Baker,	2 00
Wm. Hall,	2 00	Wm. Hall,	2 00
Mary Gibbs,	2 00	Wm. Hall,	2 00
Wm. Hall,	2 00	Wm. Hall,	2 00
W. Hunt,	2 00	A. Reed,	2 00
Wm. Hall,	10 00	Wm. Hall,	2 00
Wm. Hall,	2 00	S. Stather,	10 00
Wm. Hall,	2 00	Wm. Hall,	2 00
J. Gedden,	2 00	Wm. Hall,	2 00
Wm. Hall,	2 00	Wm. Hall,	2 00
Samuel Grant,	2 00	J. M. Parker,	2 00
Wm. Hall,	2 00	Wm. Hall,	2 00
D. L. Gaillard,	2 00	H. H. Finch,	2 00
Wm. Hall,	2 00	A. B. Finch

THE OLIO.

Variety's the spice of life,
That gives it all its flavor.

Medicating drugs.
Oh! let us go thitherhence.
The north at shed its winter.
The mighty oak dispirited.
Its white scurf in the light.
And listen to the jingle.
The merry bettering pair;
The double banter and single.
The laugh and jovial jeer.

The fisher mused awe sporting.
The winds are piping loud;
The parboil stood in scarlet,
And stinking off her shroud.
Wrap about the fast-coming frost,
We'll soon the chill north wont;
The season must fair without.
And with you, oh! have blest!

Spe, John, mount the castle,
Awake the cheerful strain:
Send out the storm-king's rattle.
Knight of the wither'd mien:
Clange! through the snowy mountain.
Clange! through the frowned spire:
Dash out the mail's up freshlain,
Away, proud steeds, away!

J. Hitch Brown.

The Pinyune has a way of making its wants returns sifted phlebotomy as well as mirth. Here the following conversation between two leaders. The humor is only surpassed by that of brother Noel, as his inimitable "charcoal sketches."

"Yes," said Sloppy, "you lend me in making out breakfasts and dinners, but you can't shine in making a race of drinks as well as I can."

"I don't wonder," said Brown.

"Do you know how I do it?" said Sloppy.

"Under pretence of the smallest quantity, my dear fellow," said Brown, "but always thought you had a peculiar talent that way."

"I have, sir; why I have, sir," said Sloppy.—"Superior education—a knowledge of physiognomy and of human nater does it."

"Explain," said Brown.

"Be silent," said Sloppy.

"I'm mum," said Brown, slapping his open mouth with the palm of his hand, a la Captain Cuttle.

"Well then, you see, cabem Pus really shook. I always goes it a little bit heavier—degreeve aint genuine. When I come thirsty or sad into the bar, I says, how do you do? how are you now? I know at once by my knowledge of physiognomy the perpetual the reward be whigs or liberalcan—I don't believe in the hasty business. If they're whigs, I at once begin to speak of 'glorious victories'—the triumph of the harvest principles—the annihilation of locofocoism, and all that sort of thing, and they at once says, what'll you take, sir? If I find they are heedless, I d—n coon skins, log cabins, and hard cider; and then, in either case, with rain a horn and something else if it be much time."

"But there are three things that are a puzzle to me," said Sloppy, "which are these: who wrote Junius' letters? who is elected Governor of Maine? how do you spell over the eyes of the fashionable house keepers?"

"System, sir, system. My gentlemanly address and prepossessing appearance. I find a pair of spectacles indispensable in carrying out my plans, and a good cane has, in many instances, a prodigious effect."

"Let us have light," said Sloppy.

"I will," said Brown, "but you are the first person to whom I ever revealed the secret. Well then, like making the egg stand on end, the precause is simple when it is made known. Every bursting-house has a hotel with a black ground and golden letters on the door, saying that it is a boarding-house. You have nothing to-reduce to do but lower one door at breakfast or dinner hour, salute one of the boarders as he passes in and continue the conversation till dinner is announced; set next him at dinner if possible to keep up the delusion; but this is not indispensable: walk out when he walks out, and it will be at once concluded that you're his particular friend and no questions will be ever asked. I've tried it a thousand times and it never failed in a solitary instance."

"Why don't you follow it up?" said Sloppy.

"Because I have no new customers to do," said Brown. "But I have an idea—a thought has struck me."

"What is it?" said Sloppy.

"Why, that we exchange situations; let you take the run of the boarding-houses, and I'll take your place in the hotel business."

"Capital! capital!—excellent! excellent!" said Sloppy.

"If you have got capital," said the watchman, just as they had made arrangements for a new start in business—"if you have got capital this or rather a retrieve place to be in." Without listening to a word from them he calabooned them. The Recorder would listen to no explanation but sent them to the calaboose for thirty days each.

The Land of Promise.—The following lines, by the late Rodman Smith, comprise the opinions of Fenton's, Trollope's, Hall's, Hamilton's, Marryat's, and many other impartial judgments of the intelligence, habits and manners of the United States:—

Can you ride on a cart when the weather is foggy?
Can you get every night not once tumor but groggy?
If not, at the fire of an inn can you fry?
Can you steal and pound, by day, like a goose on a spit?
Is telling a tale can you ponder and prune?
Can you eat through your teeth?—Can you talk through your nose?

Can you set out the second-hand tragical fury
Of tongues plagiarize discarded from liberty?
Can you place your fortune where'er Pope?
Can you wheel on the left-hand corner or wrap?
Can you shut either eye to political hearsays?
Can you make your table liberty suit with black slavery?
Can you spit on the carpet and mumble a cigar?
If not, my dear Jeremy, stay where you are!

A Malapro.—A fashionable lady being asked how she liked the dinner given at a distinguished poet's, her reply was—"The dinner was exquisite, but my seat was so prevent from the nick-nacks, that I could not *really my* appetite, and the pickled sturine in bed made a defect on my head that I had a mutton to leave the table; but Mr. ——— gave me some hartshorn *resolved* in water, which restored me."

Free Trade to the Lawyers.—A man from the country called upon a lawyer in this city recently for in this town for legal advice. After detailing the circumstances of the case, he was asked if he and stated facts exactly as they occurred? "O, aye, sir," rejoined the applicant. "I thought it best to tell you the plain truth; you can put the law to it yourself."

A Sudden Thought.—"O, it almost makes me spring when I hear a sudden report," said a retired soldier, "to think I escaped from the field of posterity—since then they shall scamper over the sodded rests of our silent manhood, while we sleep on forever in the iron-bound slumbers of *corporeal absolutization*.

O. K.—A newly imported Irishman asking O. K. on a number of political banners, thought that the mystic figures stood for *O'Kennel*. "O, he's a mighty boy, that Dan," said the *Emeraldite*: "he bates all the world for politics."

☞ A Valuable Supplement.—The Lowell Courier tells of a man who subscribed for two copies of a newspaper, "just to patronize the establishment," and never paid for either of them!

Not Bad.—In speaking of the transmigration of souls, a dandy writer observed, that he reckoned himself the golden calf. "And may you've only lost the gilding," replied a lady.

Hospitality.—An Irishman being asked if he was ty sted with much *hospitality* while in England, r plied, "Faix, yis, I was in the hospital all the time, agra."

Excerpt from Letter.—Many knock at random on the wall with the hammer, and fancy they hit the nail on the head every time.

From the New Orleans Picayune.
The Widower's Son.

O, 'tease a pretty sight for fol-lol,
Bold, proud of heart, and young,
Fair, from the mantle-tinted lone wall,
"Underneath and among."
With spirit fire an mountain blest,
Undimmed by age or care,
Aspiring, but his hat was most
Mid poverty and need.

His proud heart chilled in youth; with years
He knocked grew in crime;
A widowed mother's sinking tears
Fell for his blighted prime:
He fled—The ruffian and the bold
Met him with heart and hand,—
He was a spirit subject to behold
His kindred or his land.

And summer past, and winter sped,
And years rolled swiftly by,
And grey had grown that mother's head,
And heaviness her eye;
And sudden was the spoiler
Of him who fled away,
But when she did, upon her cheek
The tears still loved to stray!

Upon her lonely pillow, sleep
Never closed those weeping eyes,
Until a prayer and blessing deep
Ascended to the skies
For him, her benisonest, wand'ring one.
Her young heart's vanity joy,
Her bread, her best, her wretched one.
Her proud-minded, wicked boy!

At length a stagger line he met—
He "would restore" each
He "had reformed"—he would repent.
And be once more a man.
Hope whispered that it might be true.
Yet dared she not believe;
Yet well the widowed mother knew
How well to credit-trade.

He never came—and more years past—
Meekly she wept and sighed.
The tale of woe was told at last.
Mid providence he died!
And now she never weeps, nor when
She thinks upon her son.
She'll sew and sew repeat again,
"God's will, not mine, be done!"

PRAIN.

Master Humphrey's Clock.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

CHAPTER THE FORTY-SECOND.

Nelly was left alone for a while, thought-ful and expectant, and to follow the fortunes of little Nell: resuming the thread of the narrative at the point where it was left some chapters back.

In one of those wanderings in the evening time, when, following the two sisters at a humble distance, she felt, in her sympathy with them and her recognition in their trials of something akin to her own loneliness of spirit, a comfort and consolation which made such moments a time of deep delight, though the softened pleasure they yielded was of that kind which lives and does in tears;—in one of those wanderings at the quiet hour of twilight, when sky, and earth, and air, and rippling water, and sound of distant bells, claimed kindred with the emotions of the solitary child, and breathed her with nothing though-ful, but not of a child's world or its easy joys—in one of those rambles which had now become her only pleasure or relief from care, light had faded into darkness and evening deepened into night, and still the young creature lingered in the gloom; feeling a companionship in Nature so serene and hushed, and a strength and glare of garish lights would have been solitude indeed.

The sisters had gone home, and she was alone. She raised her eyes to the bright stars, looking down so mildly from the wide worlds of air, and gazing on them, found new stars burst upon her view, and more beyond, and more beyond